THE RITE OF SATURN

♄

Thurs
Dress Oct. 12 5PM

Tues
Pre-Dress Oct. 10 1PM

Mon. Oct. 2 8PM

Mon. Sep. 25 8PM - Have it memorized

Aquarius

THE RITE OF SATURN

BY

ALEISTER CROWLEY

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS AS PERFORMED AT CAXTON HALL WESTMINSTER IN OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER 1910 BY MISS LEILA WADDELL AND MR ALEISTER CROWLEY WITH DISTINGUISHED ASSISTANCE

THE OFFICERS OF THE TEMPLE

MAGISTER TEMPLI, *the representative of Binah, Saturn.*

MATER CŒLI, *Venus in Libra, the house of Saturn's exaltation.*

BROTHER AQUARIUS, *the house of Saturn ; in Chesed, because Pisces is water : "Hope."*

BROTHER CAPRICORNUS, *in the throne of Capricornus, the house of Saturn ; in Geburah, because Mars is exalted therein. He is Mars in Capricornus.*

BROTHER CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS.

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS, or CHORAGOGE.

SCENE.—*In the East is a veiled shrine, containing an altar. To its Chokmah, Binah, Chesed, and Geburah are M. T., M. C., Bro. A., and Bro. C. respectively. Bro. C. E. is disguised as an ordinary member of the garrison.*

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O.T.O., Box 430, Fairfax, CA 94930 O.T.O., JAF Box 7666 New York, NY 10116

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PART I

BROTHER CAPRICORNUS *enters and turns off Blue light. Red lamps are brought in by* BROTHER CAPRICORNUS *and the* LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

First the Temple is lighted by two red lamps. PROBATIONERS *chant the Capricornus and Aquarius sections from 963 while others wait without in darkness. Red lights are then hidden within veil.* BROTHER CAPRICORNUS *turns on the Blue light.*

I adore Thee by the Twelve Humiliations and by the Unity thereof.

1. O my God, behold me fully and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee ; for all my searching is as a bat that seeks some hollow of night upon a sun-parched wilderness.

2. O my God, order me justly and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee ; for all my thoughts are as a dust-clad serpent wind at noon that danceth through the ashen grass of law.

3. O my God, conquer me with love and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all the striving of my spirit is as a child's kiss that struggles through a cloud of tangled hair.

4. O my God, suckle me with truth and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my agony of anguish is but as a quail struggling in the jaws of an hungry wolf.

5. O my God, comfort me with ease and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all the toil of my life is but as a small white mouse swimming through a vast sea of crimson blood.

6. O my God, entreat me gently and be merciful unto me as I humble myself before Thee; for all my toil is but as a threadless shuttle of steel thrust here and there in the black loom of night.

7. O my God, fondle me with kisses and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my desires are as dewdrops that are sucked from silver lilies by the throat of a young god.

8. O my God, exalt me with blood and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my courage is but as the fang of a viper that striketh at the rosy heel of dawn.

9. O my God, teach me with patience and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my knowledge is but as the refuse of the chaff that is flung to the darkness of the void.

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10. O my God, measure me rightly and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my praise is but as a single letter of lead lost in the gilded scriptures of the rocks.

11. O my God, fill me with slumber and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my wakefulness is but as a cloud at sunset that is like a snake gliding through the dew.

12. O my God, kindle me with joy and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before thee; for all the strength of my mind is but as a web of silk that bindeth the milky breasts of the stars.

13. O my God, consume me with fire and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all mine understanding is but as a spider's thread drawn from star to star of a young galaxy.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space: Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.

I
adore
Thee by the
Twelve Lamentations
and by the Unity thereof.

1. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my song is as the dirge of the sea that moans about a corpse, lapping most mournfully against the dead shore in the darkness. Yet in the sob of the wind do I hear Thy name, that quickeneth the cold lips of death to life.

2. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my praise is as the song of a bird that is ensnared in the network of the winds, and cast adown the drowning depths of night. Yet in the faltering notes of my music do I mark the melody of universal truth.

3. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my works are as a coiled-up sleeper who hath overslept the day, even the dawn that hovereth as a hawk in the void. Yet in the gloom of mine awakening do I see, across the breasts of night, Thy shadowed form.

4. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my labours are as weary oxen laggard and sore stricken with the goad, ploughing black furrows across the white fields of light. Yet in the scrawling trail of their slow toil do I descry the golden harvest of Thine effulgence.

5. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all the hope of my heart hath been ravished as the body of a virgin that is fallen into the hands of riotous robbers. Yet in the outrage of mine innocence do I disclose the clear manna of Thy purity.

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6. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all the passion of my love is mazed as the bewildered eyes of a youth, who should wake to find his belovèd fled away. Yet in the crumpled couch of lust do I behold as an imprint the sigil of Thy name.

7. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all the joy of my days lies dishonoured as the spangle-veil'd Virgin of night torn and trampled by the sun-lashed stallions of Dawn. Yet in the frenzy of their couplings do I tremble forth the pearly dew of ecstatic light.

8. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all the aspirations of my heart ruin as in time of earthquake the bare hut of an hermit that he hath built for prayer. Yet from the lightning-struck tower of my reason do I enter Thy house that Thou didst build for me.

AUDIENCE ADMITTED

9. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my joy is as a cloud of dust blown athwart a memory of tears, even across the shadowless brow of the desert. Yet as from the breast of a slave-girl do I pluck the fragrant blossom of Thy Crimson Splendour.

10. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all the feastings of my flesh have sickened to the wormy hunger of the grave, writhing in the spasms of indolent decay. Yet in the maggots of my corruption do I shadow forth sunlit hosts of crownèd eagles.

11. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my craft is as an injured arrow, featherless and twisted, that should be loosed from its bowstring by the hands of an infant. Yet in the wayward struggling of its flight do I grip the unwavering courses of Thy wisdom.

12. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my faith is as a filthy puddle in the sinister confines of a forest, splashed by the wanton foot of a young gnome. Yet like a wildfire through the trees at nightfall do I divine the distant glimmer of Thine Eye.

13. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my life sinks as the western Sun that struggles in the strangling arms of Night, flecked over with the starry foam of her kisses. Yet in the very midnight of my soul do I hold as a scarab the signet of Thy name.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time
and through all Space: Glory,
and Glory upon Glory,
Everlastingly. Amen,
and Amen, and
Amen.

FIRST EPISODE

AUDIENCE ADMITTED A. guards shrine, goes to throne after aud. is seated

The Temple being in darkness, and the assistants seated, let BROTHER CAPRICORNUS *arise from his throne, and knock thrice with his spear-butt upon the floor.* MAGISTER TEMPLI *in the shrine, with* MATER CŒLI.

CAPRICORNUS. Procul, O procul este profani!

[*He performs the Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram. He next lights the hell-broth and recites:*]

Even as the traitor's breath
Goeth forth, he perisheth
By the secret sibilant word that is spoken unto death.

Even as the profane hand
Reacheth to the sacred sand,
Fire consumes him that his name be forgotten in the land.

Even as the wicked eye
Seeks the mysteries to spy,
So the blindness of the gods takes his spirit: he shall die.

Even as the evil priest,
Poisoned by the sacred feast,
Changes by its seven powers to the misbegotten beast:

Even as the powers of ill,
Broken by the wanded will,
Shriek about the holy place, vain and vague and terrible:

Even as the lords of hell,
Chained in fires before the spell,
Strain upon the sightless steel, break not fetters nor compel:

So be distant, O profane!
Children of the hurricane!
Lest the sword of fire destroy, lest the ways of death be plain!

So depart, and so be wise,
Lest your perishable eyes
Look upon the formless fire, see the maiden sacrifice!

So depart, and secret flame
Burn upon the stone of shame,
That the holy ones may hear music of the sleepless Name!

Holy, holy, holy spouse
Of the sun-engirdled house,
With the secret symbol burning on thy multiscient brows! . . .

Even as the traitor's breath
Goeth forth, he perisheth
By the secret sibilant word that is spoken unto death.

CAPRICORNUS. Brethren, let us awaken the Master of the Temple.

[THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS *beats the tom-tom, and the other brethren clap and stamp their feet. No result.*]

Silence—it is in vain! Brethren, let us invoke the assistance of the Mother of Heaven!

[*He goes to veil and reaches through with his hands.*

MATER CŒLI. [*Passes through Throne of* MAGISTER TEMPLI *and enters the Temple.*] Children, what is your will with me?

CAPRICORNUS. Mother of Heaven, we beseech thee to awaken the Master.

MATER CŒLI. What is the hour?

CAPRICORNUS. Mother of Heaven, it lacks a quarter of midnight.

MATER CŒLI. Be it unto your desire!

[*She plays.* As she ends she kneels: the veil slowly parts, and* MAGISTER TEMPLI *is seen standing in shrine. He slowly enters Temple.* MATER CŒLI *returns to throne, having been blessed and raised by him.*]

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Mother of Heaven, beloved of the Stars, wherefore hast thou awakened the Poison of Eld, the Dweller in Eternity?

MATER CŒLI. Shabbathai.

[MAGISTER TEMPLI *comes down to hell-broth and recites "The Eyes of Pharaoh."*]

Dead Pharaoh's eyes from out the tomb
Burned like twin planets ruby-red.
Enswathed, enthroned, the halls of gloom
Echo the agony of the dead.

Silent and stark the Pharaoh sate:
No breath went whispering, hushed or scared.
Only that red incarnate hate
Through pylon after pylon flared.

* Kuyawiak: Wieniawski.

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As in the blood of murdered things
The affrighted augur shaking skries
Earthquake and ruinous fate of kings,
Famine and desperate destinies,

So in the eyes of Pharaoh shone
The hate and loathing that compel
In death each damnèd minion
Of Set, the accursèd lord of Hell.

Yea! in those globes of fire there sate
Some cruel knowledge closely curled
Like serpents in those halls of hate,
Palaces of the Underworld.

But in the hell-glow of those eyes
The ashen skull of Pharaoh shone
White as the moonrays that surprise
The invoking Druse on Lebanon.

Moreover pylon shouldered round
To pylon an unearthly tune,
Like phantom priests that strike and sound
Sinister sistrons at the moon.

And death's insufferable perfume
Beat the black air with golden fans
As Turkis rip a Nubian's womb
With damascenèd yataghans.

Also the taste of dust long dead
Of ancient queens corrupt and fair
Struck through the temple, subtly sped
By demons dominant of the air.

Last, on the flesh there came a touch
Like sucking mouths and stroking hands
That laid their foul alluring smutch
Even to the blood's mad sarabands.

So did the neophyte that would gaze
  Into dead Pharaoh's awful eyes
Start from incalculable amaze
  To clutch the initiate's place and prize.

He bore the blistering thought aloft:
  It blazed in battle on his plume:
With sage and warrior enfeoffed,
  He rushed alone through tower and tomb.

The myriad men, the cohorts armed,
  Are shred like husks: the ensanguine brand
Leaps like a flame, a flame encharmed
  To fire the pyramid heaven-spanned

Wherein dead Pharaoh sits and stares,
  Swathed in the wrappings of the tomb,
With eyes whose horror flits and flares
  Like corpse-lights glimmering in the gloom

Till all's a blaze, one roar of flame,
  Death universal, locked and linked:—
Aha! one names the awful Name—
  The twin red planets are extinct.

[*A pause.*

[*The lamp burns out, and darkness covers all.*

[LEADER OF THE CHORUS *secretly removes hell-broth vase.*

PART II

The Temple in Darkness

MAGISTER TEMPLI. I.¶ Brother Aquarius, what is the time?

AQUARIUS. Midnight.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. I. Brother Capricornus, what is the place?

CAPRICORNUS. The Fortress that is upon the Frontier of the Abyss.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. I. Brothers Aquarius and Capricornus, is the Beloved with us?

AQUARIUS *and* CAPRICORNUS. The Mother of Heaven is enthroned.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Mother of Heaven, let us lament together!

[*Recites Swinburne's "Ilicet".*

[MATER CŒLI *plays accordingly.*†

THERE is an end of joy and sorrow;
Peace all day long, all night, all morrow,
  But never a time to laugh or weep.
The end is come of pleasant places,
The end of tender words and faces,
  The end of all, the poppied sleep.

¶ The figures represent knocks. I. a single knock; 22. a battery of two knocks; and so on.

† Aria arranged for G string: Bach.

No place for sound within their hearing,
No room to hope, no time for fearing,
  No lips to laugh, no lids for tears.
The old years have run out all their measure;
No chance of pain, no chance of pleasure,
  No fragment of the broken years.

Outside of all the worlds and ages,
There where the fool is as the sage is,
  There where the slayer is clean of blood,
No end, no passage, no beginning,
There where the sinner leaves off sinning,
  There where the good man is not good.

There is not one thing with another,
But Evil saith to Good: My brother,
  My brother, I am one with thee:
They shall not strive nor cry for ever:
No man shall choose between them: never
  Shall this thing end and that thing be.

Wind wherein seas and stars are shaken
Shall shake them, and they shall not waken;
  None that has lain down shall arise;
The stones are sealed across their places;
One shadow is shed on all their faces,
  One blindness cast on all their eyes.

Sleep, is it sleep perchance that covers
Each face, as each face were his lover's?
  Farewell; as men that sleep fare well.
The grave's mouth laughs unto derision
Desire and dread and dream and vision,
  Delight of heaven and sorrow of hell.

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No soul shall tell nor lip shall number
The names and tribes of you that slumber;
  No memory, no memorial.
"Thou knowest" — who shall say thou know-
  est?
There is none highest and none lowest:
  An end, an end, an end of all.

Good night, good sleep, good rest from sorrow
To these that shall not have good morrow;
  The gods be gentle to all these.
Nay, if death be not, how shall they be?
Nay, is there help in heaven? it may be
  All things and lords of things shall cease.

The stooped urn, filling, dips and flashes;
The bronzèd brims are deep in ashes;
  The pale old lips of death are fed.
Shall this dust gather flesh hereafter?
Shall one shed tears or fall to laughter,
  At sight of all these poor old dead?

Nay, as thou wilt; these know not of it;
Thine eyes' strong weeping shall not profit,
  Thy laughter shall not give thee ease;
Cry aloud, spare not, cease not crying,
Sigh, till thou cleave thy sides with sighing,
  Thou shalt not raise up one of these.

Burnt spices flash, and burnt wine hisses,
The breathing flame's mouth curls and kisses
  The small dried rows of frankincense;
All round the sad red blossoms smoulder,
Flowers coloured like the fire, but colder,
  In sign of sweet things taken hence;

Yea, for their sake and in death's favour
Things of sweet shape and of sweet savour
We yield them, spice and flower and wine;
Yea, costlier things than wine or spices,
Whereof none knoweth how great the price is,
And fruit that comes not of the vine.

From boy's pierced throat and girl's pierced bosom
Drips, reddening round the blood-red blossom,
The slow delicious bright soft blood,
Bathing the spices and the pyre,
Bathing the flowers and fallen fire,
Bathing the blossom by the bud.

Roses whose lips the flame has deadened
Drink till the lapping leaves are reddened
And warm wet inner petals weep;
The flower whereof sick sleep gets leisure,
Barren of balm and purple pleasure,
Fumes with no native steam of sleep.

Why will ye weep? what do ye weeping?
For waking folk and people sleeping,
And sands that fill and sands that fall,
The days rose-red, the poppied hours,
Blood, wine, and spice and fire and flowers,
There is one end of one and all.

Shall such an one lend love or borrow?
Shall these be sorry for thy sorrow?
Shall these give thanks for words or breath?
Their hate is as their loving-kindness;
The frontlet of their brows is blindness,
The armlet of their arms is death.

Lo, for no noise or light of thunder
Shall these grave-clothes be rent in sunder;
He that hath taken, shall he give?
He hath rent them: shall he bind together?
He hath bound them: shall he break the tether?
He hath slain them: shall he bid them live?

A little sorrow, a little pleasure,
Fate metes us from the dusty measure
That holds the date of all of us;
We are born with travail and strong crying,
And from the birth-day to the dying
The likeness of our life is thus.

One girds himself to serve another,
Whose father was the dust, whose mother
The little dead red worm therein;
They find no fruit of things they cherish;
The goodness of a man shall perish,
It shall be one thing with his sin.

In deep wet ways by grey old gardens
Fed with sharp spring the sweet fruit hardens;
They know not what fruits wane or grow;
Red summer burns to the utmost ember;
They know not, neither can remember,
The old years and flowers they used to know.

Ah, for their sakes, so trapped and taken,
For theirs, forgotten and forsaken,
Watch, sleep not, gird thyself with prayer.
Nay, where the heart of wrath is broken,
Where long love ends as a thing spoken,
How shall thy crying enter there?

Though the iron sides of the old world falter,
The likeness of them shall not alter
  For all the rumour of periods,
The stars and seasons that come after,
The tears of latter men, the laughter
  Of the old unalterable gods.

Far up above the years and nations,
The high gods, clothed and crowned with patience,
  Endure through days of deathlike date;
They bear the witness of things hidden;
Before their eyes all life stands chidden,
  As they before the eyes of Fate.

Not for their love shall Fate retire,
Nor they relent for our desire,
  Nor the graves open for their call.
The end is more than joy and anguish,
Than lives that laugh and lives that languish,
  The poppied sleep, the end of all.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. I. Brother Aquarius, to what end are we assembled?

AQUARIUS. [*Rises and whispers in his ear.*] Shabbathai.

ALL [*aloud*]. Shabbathai.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. I. Are the brethren fed?

A. remains standing

AQUARIUS. Upon the corpses of their children.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. I. Have they quenched their thirst?

AQUARIUS. Upon poppy-heads infused in blood.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. The raven has croaked.

AQUARIUS. The owl has hooted.

CAPRICORNUS. The bat has flapped its wings.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Then . . .

Lights! [CAPRICORNUS *switches on the blue glare.*

I. Brother Aquarius, I scent danger.

AQUARIUS. I. Master, there are evil things abroad. [*To* CAPRICORNUS] Turn out the guard!

CAPRICORNUS. Brethren, stand to your arms!

[*All* PROBATIONERS *rise and follow him. He pricks all assistants with his spear, inspects doors, etc.*]

Master, every man is vigilant at his post. There is no alarm.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. I. Brother Aquarius, I scent danger.

AQUARIUS. I. Master, there is a traitor within the gates. [*To* CAPRICORNUS] Inspect the garrison!

CAPRICORNUS. Brethren, purify your hearts!

[*He rises and looks into every eye. When he comes to* BRO. CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS, *he hales him forth by the hair, before the altar, and plunges his spear into him. He completes inspection. Returns and bows to* MAGISTER TEMPLI.]

Master, justice has been executed upon the traitor. Only the faithful remain.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. So perish all traitors!

[CAPRICORNUS *extinguishes light.*

[*A pause.*

PART III

Darkness

AQUARIUS. [*Comes forward and kneels to* MAGISTER TEMPLI.] Master, we beseech thee to permit the ceremony to proceed.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. There was no crackling in the dried leaves. [CAPRICORNUS *joins* AQUARIUS *kneeling.*

AQUARIUS *and* CAPRICORNUS. Master, we beseech thee to permit the ceremony to proceed.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. There was no heart in the black lamb.

[*All* PROBATIONERS *join* AQUARIUS *and* CAPRICORNUS *kneeling.*]

ALL. Master, we beseech thee to permit the ceremony to proceed.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. The sacred python was found dead.

[MATER CŒLI *comes forward, kneels before* MAGISTER TEMPLI, *thus making the apex to the pyramid of petitioners, rises and plays her petition,* then again kneels.*]

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Let the ceremony proceed.

[MATER CŒLI *returns to her throne.* AQUARIUS *rises, and* CAPRICORNUS *returns to his post and lights the lamp.*

* Abendlied: Schumann.

AQUARIUS *and all present dance wildly for joy to the sound of the tom-tom.*]

[*During the confusion* BRO. CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS *slips into the temple and hides behind the veil, where he removes his disguise and dons his dancing robe.*]

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Silence! [*A pause.*

MAGISTER TEMPLI. I.

AQUARIUS. I.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. I. Holy be the Lamps of Joy!

AQUARIUS. Holy be the Lamps of Sorrow!

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Let us enter the ark of Increased Knowledge!

CAPRICORNUS. Hail, thou that sittest in the City of the Pyramids!

AQUARIUS. Hail, thou that art encamped upon the Great Sea!

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Hail, brethren!

CAPRICORNUS. Master, what is Increased Knowledge?

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Death.

AQUARIUS. Master, what is the Ark thereof?

MAGISTER TEMPLI. The grave.

AQUARIUS *and* CAPRICORNUS. Master, how shall we enter it?

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Arise and follow me!

[*He rises and circumambulates the temple widdershins.* CAPRICORNUS *plucks forth every third person and makes them follow him, continuing this process until one only is left. To this one* MAGISTER TEMPLI *addresses the allocution, as he hales him forth.*]

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Thou also must die!

[MAGISTER TEMPLI *stops in* E.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Brethren! let us humbly seek for help behind the veil!

[*He throws veil open, showing the empty shrine.* BRO. CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS *must have well dissimulated himself so that he is not discovered.* MAGISTER TEMPLI *draws veil again.* CAPRICORNUS *puts out light.*]

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Alas! there is no God!

[*Returns to his throne. All move confusedly about wailing aloud.*]

MAGISTER TEMPLI. I. Silence. [*All resume seats.*

Behold, I declared it unto you and ye believed me not!

[*A pause.*

PART IV

Darkness

AQUARIUS. In truth, master, the ceremony cannot proceed. There is no god in the shrine.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Brother Aquarius, let search be made.

AQUARIUS. Brother Capricornus, let search be made.

[*Light on.*

[CAPRICORNUS *enters veil and walks up and down. He returns.*] [*Lights off.*

Brother Capricornus, what do you find?

CAPRICORNUS. Master, there is nothing but a little pile of dust.

AQUARIUS. There is no living thing therein?

CAPRICORNUS. There is no living thing therein.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. [*Recites poem*: "*Colloque sentimental.*"]

In the ancient frozen solitary park
Two figures passed anon—now mark!

Their eyes are dead, their lips are soft and grey;
One scarce can hear the words they say.

In the ancient frozen solitary park
Two ghosts evoke the past—oh hark!

"Dost thou remember our old ecstasy?"
"Why do you wish to remind me?"

"Does thy heart beat still at my name, and glow?
"Seest thou my soul in dreams, dear?" "No."

"Ah! the fair days of joyaunce and of gree
"When our mouths kissed, ah kissed!" "Maybe!"

"How blue the sky was, as our hope was clear!"
"Hope has gone down to Hell's nadir."

So in the foolish alleys they conferred,
And only midnight overheard.

AQUARIUS. Master, it is not to be borne.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Mother of Heaven, let us lament together!

[*Recites Swinburne's "The Garden of Proserpine."*

[MATER CŒLI *plays accordingly.**

HERE, where the world is quiet,
  Here, where all trouble seems
Dead winds' and spent waves' riot
  In doubtful dreams of dreams;
I watch the green field growing
For reaping folk and sowing,
For harvest-time and mowing,
  A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,
  And men that laugh and weep,
Of what may come hereafter
  For men that sow to reap:
I am weary of days and hours,
Blown buds of barren flowers,
Desires and dreams and powers
  And everything but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbour,
  And far from eye or ear
Wan waves and wet winds labour,
  Weak ships and spirits steer·

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* Légende: Wieniawski. † Wiegenlied: Hauser.

They drive adrift, and whither
They wot not who make thither;
But no such winds blow hither,
  And no such things grow here.

No growth of moor or coppice,
  No heather-flower or vine,
But bloomless buds of poppies,
  Green grapes of Proserpine,
Pale beds of blowing rushes
Where no leaf blooms or blushes
Save this whereout she crushes
  For dead men deadly wine.

Pale, without name or number,
  In fruitless fields of corn,
They bow themselves and slumber
  All night till light is born;
And like a soul belated,
In hell and heaven unmated,
By cloud and mist abated
  Comes out of darkness morn.

Though one were strong as seven,
  He too with death shall dwell,
Nor wake with wings in heaven,
  Nor weep for pains in hell;
Though one were fair as roses,
His beauty clouds and closes;
And well though love reposes,
  In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch and portal,
  Crowned with calm leaves, she stands
Who gathers all things mortal
  With cold immortal hands;

Her languid lips are sweeter
Than love's who fears to greet her
To men that mix and meet her
  From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,
  She waits for all men born;
Forgets the earth her mother,
  The life of fruits and corn;
And spring and seed and swallow
Take wing for her and follow
Where summer song rings hollow
  And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither,
  The old loves with wearier wings;
And all dead years draw thither,
  And all disastrous things;
Dead dreams of days forsaken,
Blind buds that snows have shaken,
Wild leaves that winds have taken,
  Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow,
  And joy was never sure;
To-day will die to-morrow;
  Time stoops to no man's lure;
And love, grown faint and fretful
With lips but half regretful
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
  Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,
  From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
  Whatever gods may be

That no life lives for ever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
  Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
  Nor any change of light:
Nor sound of waters shaken,
  Nor any sound or sight:
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
Nor days nor things diurnal;
Only the sleep eternal
  In an eternal night.

CAPRICORNUS. Master, it is not to be borne!

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Mother of Heaven, let us work together!

MATER CŒLI. Behold thine handmaiden!

[MAGISTER TEMPLI *and* MATER CŒLI *go together hand in hand, within the veil.* CAPRICORNUS *turns light up.*]

[MATER COELI *plays a Pæan of despair.*†

[MAGISTER TEMPLI, *rending veil, appears standing on altar.*

O melancholy Brothers, dark, dark, dark!
O battling in black floods without an ark!
  O spectral wanderers of unholy Night!
My soul hath bled for you these sunless years,
With bitter blood-drops running down like tears:
  Oh, dark, dark, dark, withdrawn from joy and light!

My heart is sick with anguish for your bale!
Your woe hath been my anguish; yea, I quail
  And perish in your perishing unblest.
And I have searched the heights and depths, the scope
Of all our universe, with desperate hope
  To find some solace for your wild unrest.

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS

And now at last authentic word I bring,
Witnessed by every dead and living thing;
  Good tidings of great joy for you, for all:
There is no God; no Fiend with names divine
Made us and tortures us; if we must pine,
  It is to satiate no Being's gall.

It was the dark delusion of a dream,
That living Person conscious and supreme,
  Whom we must curse for cursing us with life;
Whom we must curse because the life He gave
Could not be buried in the quiet grave,
  Could not be killed by poison or by knife.

This little life is all we must endure,
The grave's most holy peace is ever sure,
  We fall asleep and never wake again;
Nothing is of us but the mouldering flesh,
Whose elements dissolve and merge afresh
  In earth, air, water, plants, and other men.

We finish thus; and all our wretched race
Shall finish with its cycle, and give place
  To other beings, with their own time-doom
Infinite æons ere our kind began;
Infinite æons after the last man
  Has joined the mammoth in earth's tomb and womb.

We bow down to the universal laws,
Which never had for man a special clause
  Of cruelty or kindness, love or hate:
If toads and vultures are obscene to sight,
If tigers burn with beauty and with might,
  Is it by favour or by wrath of fate?

All substance lives and struggles evermore
Through countless shapes continually at war,
  By countless interactions interknit:
If one is born a certain day on earth,
All times and forces tended to that birth,
  Not all the world could change or hinder it.

THE RITE OF SATURN

I find no hint throughout the Universe
Of good or ill, of blessing or of curse;
  I find alone Necessity Supreme;
With infinite Mystery, abysmal, dark,
Unlighted ever by the faintest spark
  For us the flitting shadows of a dream.

O Brothers of sad lives! they are so brief;
A few short years must bring us all relief:
  Can we not bear these years of labouring breath?
But if you would not this poor life fulfil,
Lo, you are free to end it when you will,
  Without the fear of waking after death.

[*Blow out red lights.*

[BRO. CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS *runs out with tom-tom and dances wildly. At the conclusion* AQUARIUS *and* CAPRICORNUS *run up, tearing the veil asunder.* BRO. CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS *flings himself at foot of altar.* CHORAGOGE *lights salt again, or other glare.* MAGISTER TEMPLI *is discovered lying dead, his head supported by* MATER CŒLI *weeping.*]

[CAPRICORNUS *extinguishes the light.*

[AQUARIUS *draws the veil.*

[MATER CŒLI *plays the final hopeless dirge.**] [*Silence.*

AQUARIUS. Brother Capricornus, what is the hour?

CAPRICORNUS. Noon.

AQUARIUS. Let us depart; it is accomplished. [*Full light.*

[CAPRICORNUS *stands with drawn sword before the veil; the others escort the people out.*]

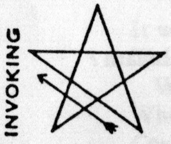
* Marche funèbre: Waddell.

APPENDIX

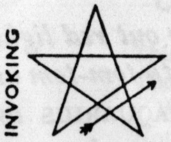
The Greater Ritual of the Pentagram

The Pentagrams are traced in the air with the sword or other weapon, the name spoken aloud, and the signs used, as illustrated.

The Pentagrams of Spirit.



Equilibrium of Actives.
Name : A H I H (Eheieh)

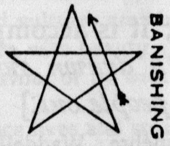


Equilibrium of Passives,
Name A G L A (Agla).

The signs of the Portal (See illustrations) : Extend the hands in front of you, palms outwards, separate them as if in the act of rending asunder a veil or curtain (actives), and then bring them together as if closing it up again and let them fall to the side (passives).

(The Grade of the "Portal" is particularly attributed to the element of Spirit; it refers to the Sun; the Paths of ס,ר and צ are attributed to this degree. See "777" lines 6 and 31 bis).

The Pentagrams of Fire.

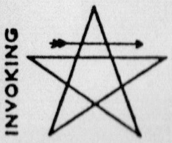


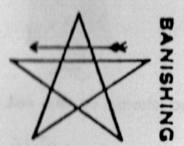
Name: A L H I M
(Elohim).

The signs of $4^\circ = 7^\square$. Raise the arms above the head and join the hands, so that the tips of the fingers and of the thumbs meet, formulating a triangle (see illustration).

(The Grade of $4^\circ = 7^\square$ is particularly attributed to the element Fire; it refers to the Planet Venus; the paths of ק, צ and פ are attributed to this degree. For other attributions see "777" lines 7 and 31).

The Pentagrams of Water.



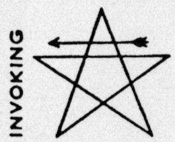


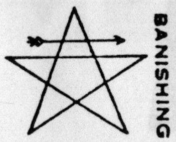
Name A L (El).

The signs of $3^\circ = 8^\square$. Raise the arm till the elbows are on a level with the shoulders, bring the hands across the chest, touching the thumbs and tips of fingers so as to form a triangle apex downwards. (See illustration).

(The Grade of $3^\circ = 8^\square$ is particularly attributed to the element of water; it refers to the planet Mercury; the paths of ר and ש are attributed to this degree. For other attributions see "777", lines 8 and 23).

The Pentagrams of Air.



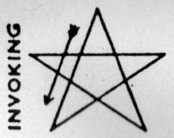


Name I H V H (Ye-ho-wau).

The signs of $2^\circ = 9^\square$. Stretch both arms upwards and outwards, the elbows bent at right angles, the hand bent back, the palms upwards as if supporting a weight. (See illustration).

(The Grade of $2^\circ = 9^\square$ is particularly attributed to the element Air; it refers to the Moon, the path of ת is attributed to this degree. For other attributions see "777" lines 9 and 11).

The Pentagrams of Earth



Name: A D N I (Adonai).

The Sign of $1^\circ = 10^\square$. Advance the right foot, stretch out the right hand upwards and forwards, the left hand downwards and backwards, the palms open.

(The Grade of $1^\circ = 10^\square$ is particularly attributed to the element of Earth, See "777" lines 10 and 32 bis).

5-6. Spirit: the rending and closing of the veil.

3. Water: the goddess Auramoth.

4. Fire: the goddess Thoum-aesh-neith.

2. Air: the god Shu supporting the sky.

1. Earth: the god Set fighting.

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